NEW BOOKS.

The Conquest of a Poetess.

The heroine of Charles Marriott's story of "Genevra" (D. Appleton & Co.) was beautiful and earnest. She composed poetry with great earnestness and with results that were approved by Edgar Noy, the austere editor of an unpopular magazine. "Once within the wood Genevra breathed a deep sigh of contentment, proving that her appointment was with none other than the genius of the place, throwing out her arms in a wide, free gesture that gave a momentary emphasis to the strong lines of her figure. After a few minutes she began to walk up and down, reciting verses aloud with constant repetition and alteration. Movement, voice and expression suggested active endeavor rather than reverie."

That was Genevra touching up her proofs. The publication of her book was delayed for months while she was improving its contents in this conscientious manner. The wood in which her earnest revisory work was performed was Merlin's Wood, on the rugged Cornish coast. The great and perilous and famous promontory of the Lizard stretched out to sea near at hand. Scene of centuries of dreadful wreck, we may be sure that its dire sentiment got into her verse. Noy, the unpopular editor who published Genevra, once spoke of her work to Henry Surridge, "the only man of letters who remained his friend." Said the forsaken Noy to the remaining Surridge:

"Brains? It isn't brains, it's woman! Writes verse? She don't write verse—she bleeds it. I hope to God she never marries—unless she's deserted in a week. I don't care if she's crucified, so long as she don't use her blood for making babies and take to writing verse."

Uter Penrose, the old schoolmaster who had taught Genevra her Latin and Greek, and her English literature up to Fielding (he held that "Tom Jones" was the end of what was worth while in English), was at odds with Noy as to the heroine's "mission." He held that she ought to marry Leonard Morris, the artist, and continue the race of Joslin, once Jocelin and Norman, and restore the Joslin farm to the manor that it was once upon a time. Morris was as earnest about his art as Genevra Joslin was about her poetry. He could run a telegraph wire through a Cornish landscape and people it and supply it with history and make it vocal by that expedient. Perhaps he was fitted to captivate a poetess. It is for the reader to judge. We read:

"He was a short, broad shouldered, deep chested, bull necked man of about 30. His coarse black hair was cropped close to a large head; he had a flat, shelving forehead, bulging at the temples and heavily ridged over his dark, somewhat sunken eyes. The grim set of his great jaws denied his features any expression but one of chronic ill temper; when he smiled he was merely sardonic. Yet, looking at him dispassionately, Genevra was forced to admit that in a brutal sort of way he might be called handsome."

Penrose the schoolmaster had no doubt about the suitableness of Morris to be Genevra's husband. Penrose was a rather disturbingly plain spoken old man. "I've seen this Leonard Morris about," he said to Genevra. "I know 'en. *What* shoulders! *What* a man! My God, what a breed you'd make, you two!"

Morris and Genevra were both shy of each other. Morris habitually kept women at a distance for the sake of his art—a jealous mistress, by all that we have learned—and Genevra, going over the proofs of her poems in Merlin's Wood, had no wish to be disturbed by a man. But the elemental forces were against them. There was some entertainment at the Joslin domicile at Christmas time. The designing Penrose brought over certain bottles of old rum in his overcoat pockets. It is well known that old rum assists the expression of the elemental forces. Genevra, too, undoubtedly assisted the expression of them. We read:

"Morris's eyes dwelt admiringly on the fine modelling of her temples, the exquisite poise of her head on her round neck, the vitality of her movements—the moment of perfection in fulness of drawing. Genevra wore a white dress of a material running into innumerable soft folds. Her bodice, though high at the throat, was of a full fronted pattern which, falling loose to the waist and ostensibly hiding the figure, yet with a triumph of art betrayed the forward lift of her breasts, the firm setback of her shoulders, more surely than absolute bareness."

Genevra went out to the front door and looked at the stars of amethyst fire set in a sky of black velvet. Morris, too, went out. His whole known purpose was to smoke a cigarette. He stood beside Genevra. She turned her head and smiled without speaking. At that moment the elemental forces found themselves at liberty. We read further:

"Morris looked at her with a deep breath that was almost a sigh; his appreciation of beauty was little short of a bodily anguish. In his unbalanced condition [old Penrose's rum], with the fine edge of his character blunted, Genevra was merely a beautiful woman; he was perhaps never further from love as she understood it. The subtle fragrance of her hair, the deep breathed rise and fall of her bosom, the apparent readiness of the woman, intoxicated his senses. Before he thought of his intention his arm was around her waist. Genevra shuddered and lay still in his clasp; her heart seemed to stop beating, the stars to fall from heaven before her eyes; she closed them, her head sinking back as she met his lips in a long, passionate kiss."

That was gross human nature trampling on the nice rights of art. Genevra recovered herself. "Immediately her instincts were up and armed, and she pushed him from her with a low, vibrating 'I hate you! Oh, I hate you!' The full meaning of his cruel clumsiness came upon the man. The mere libertine would have lied and protested. 'I did not know—believe me, I did not know!' he stammered, yet he still held her. One-half of him was in vivid understanding, but passion died hard. 'Oh, for pity's sake go away!' sobbed Genevra, and unable to free herself she raised her arm, bare from the elbow, against his face. Out of the tumult of their senses they heard the shrill mockery of Harriet's laughter, cold and thin as the falling of broken glass."

Harriet was Genevra's sister-in-law, a commonplace, inquisitive person, who had no doubt come upon them purposely. Morris and Genevra tried hard to hate each other after that disturbing incident. The artist painted fiercely, and produced his famous landscape with the telegraph poles running across. Genevra sought to reclaim and protect herself by promising to marry Mr. Sampson Oliver, "a tall, not ill-looking, young solicitor, with cordial manners, a red mustache and excellent teeth." Oliver was out riding one day when he came upon Morris working at a canvas in the Joslin barn. The earnest, gloomy, broad shouldered painter interested him. His cordial manners felt the need to manifest themselves. He dismounted and stepped in at the barn door. He asked a question, which Morris answered curtly and absentmindedly, with a scowl. Oliver felt hurt by this. He thought it possible that a little more cordiality might meet with a pleasanter response. The story says:

"He thought perhaps the painter had mistaken him for somebody else, and hastened to reassure him. He grasped his riding whip behind his back with both hands and, planting his feet wide apart—an attitude he remembered out of the pages of *Punch*—observed in his best manner:

"'Hope I'm not intrudin'; doin' some paintin'?'

"'Oh, get away, man, can't you see I'm busy?' snapped Morris, in a flurry of nerves. Oliver's attitude went to pieces and, muttering an incoherent apology, he backed out of the barn."

Morris's disposition was not nearly so pleasant as Oliver's, and his teeth could hardly have been so admirable, since the story does not mention them; and yet Genevra loved the artist and could not abide the solicitor. She would not permit Oliver to kiss her, even after they had become engaged. Morris put up with this engagement as long as he could. As we have said, he painted fiercely. He tried to put art above the most urgent of the emotions. But one evening he appeared before Genevra in the packing house, where she was putting flowers together in bunches ready to be sent away to market in the morning.

"From chin to foot she was covered by a pale lilac pinafore, hanging in straight though soft folds, increasing her apparent height and recalling the nameless robes of saints in early Tuscan pictures." She trembled as Morris came in. "They faced each other in the languid air of the room. Genevra's breast rose and fell, and she put out her hands with a feeble gesture, pitifully expressive. Morris did not approach, but his eyes blazed at her out of the heavy shadows flung by the lamp. 'Oh, this has got to end!' he said wearily. Genevra gave a great sigh and the blood came back to her face."

As we went on we were sorry for Oliver. We will quote briefly further, selecting a part toward the end of the scene. Morris speaks:

"'All along I have tried to hate you because you are so beautiful and a hindrance to my work; but I can't—because you are so beautiful.'

"'If you are a gentleman you will leave me at once,' said Genevra coldly.

"He laughed. 'I am not a gentleman, as you know,' he said. 'But, of course, if you tell me to go I'll go. I'll cut my throat, if you tell me to.'

"'Do you think it is right, do you think it is manly, to talk like this to a woman you know is engaged to another man?' cried Genevra passionately.

"'I don't know anything about right or wrong, and I don't care. I only know—Genevra!' he murmured, his voice breaking harshly.

"Genevra looked at him as he stood by the door, his face white and drawn, his limbs trembling. She knew that he was absolutely in her power and would do her bidding to the letter, but the knowledge brought her no feeling of triumph, only sadness.

"'Well,' he muttered, his eyes fixed on the floor, 'now you know all about me. Must I go? Send me away and I swear I'll never trouble you again; you shall never see my face any more.'

"There was a silence while one could have counted ten. Morris put his hand on the latch. Genevra lifted her head and looked at him haggardly.

"'No, don't go,' she whispered.

"Morris made one stride forward and crushed her in his arms."

There is more ofter that, but we shall not tell it. An earnest story of earnest people. There are plenty of readers who would not care for it if it were not so distinguished.

The Old Farmer's Almanack.

It is always gratifying to see honor rendered where it has long been due. Prof. George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard University, who now worthily occupies the chair once held by Prof. Francis James Child, turns from Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton and the English Ballads to the contemplation of a New England worthy, Robert B. Thomas, and his work in "The Old Farmer and His Almanack" (William Ware and Company, Boston).

We get an account of Thomas's career, as full, perhaps, as is now possible, and a history of the work associated with his name, which now appears as fresh as ever in its 113th year. We find also copious extracts from its wit and wisdom in the half century and more when Thomas edited it. The great bulk of the volume of 400 pages, however, consists of digressions by Prof. Kittredge into all sorts of nooks of New England life a century and more ago.

At first he sticks close to the Almanack. There is nothing out of the way in his points about astrology, or the "man with the signs" that Thomas left out, or the answers to correspondents and the extracts from the Almanack. But pretty soon he begins to take a phrase from the Almanack as a text, on which he comments with a wealth of exposition from old time diaries and other records, and sometimes with flights to the Old World. One thing leads naturally to another, and before we are aware of it we are landed in Rome or the Middle Ages and Robert Thomas is clear out of sight.

A note about Herschel in the Almanack, for instance, leads at once into a very full and accurate account of THE SUN'S great Moon hoax, seventy odd years ago. An anecdote about an Indian brings on two very interesting chapters on "Indian Talk" and the Massachusetts Indians. So we are led on to rambling relations of lawyers and quacks, hotelkeepers, fires, drowning, sugar and salt, huskings, small economies, schoolmasters and a score more interesting phases of bygone life.

There are records of the old stage routes and of the intrusion of railroads, of the postal arrangements and postage rates, of the navy in the War of 1812, all from the Almanack. There is a dissertation on Indian summer and the degree conferred by Harvard on George Washington that have little to do with it. Not that it is padding. Prof. Kittredge simply starts from the Almanack and wanders where he lists through the old New England records, stopping whenever his fancy bids him, and is always accurate as well as entertaining.

How much labor the book testifies to, those can tell who have pursued the elusive bits of information that Prof. Kittredge seems to delight in. He has put together a very charming book, that a less learned scholar might have easily made pedantic, and has garnered a harvest of entertaining matter about the New England that is no more. The one fault we have to find is that the Old Farmer becomes only a part of it instead of being the sole hero, as he deserves to be.

A Model Genealogist.

If all genealogists were as honest and thoughtful as Mr. R. Burnham Moffat the task of the investigator would be much simplified. In his "The Barclays of New York: Who They Are and Who They Are Not—and Some Other Barclays" (Robert Grier Cooke, New York), he gives an account from the first coming to America down to the present day of several families of that name, important in themselves and through their connections.

He first demolishes the fictitious connection between the Rev. Thomas Barclay of Albany with the family of the celebrated Barclay of Ury. Then he accounts for all the descendants of the Albany dominie and other Barclays, some, those of Jersey particularly, real descendants of the Ury branch, and some from Ireland. He adds records of scattered Barclays that may be of use to other genealogists, and an admirable account of the records existing in the counties of Virginia and Maryland and some others. It is not often that an investigator goes out of his way to show those who follow him what they are likely to find.

The value of the book is doubled by the thorough indexes. One of these is a guide to all the persons mentioned whose names are other than Barclay, and as the family became connected with many of the best known people in New York and Philadelphia, these indications are often of more importance to the general reader than the Barclay ties. Here will be found many records of marriages, births and ages that interest others besides the family.

Baccarat.

"Baccarat," the new novel by Frank Danby, is even more intense and dramatic than "Pigs in Clover" and so frankly convincing in its presentation of sin and its consequences that it is not a book to be recommended for general reading in the family circle. It deals with the story of a young French woman, convent bred and happily married while very young to a sturdy Englishman, who had protected her innocence with a devotion deep and sincere, but undemonstrative. The exigencies of business compel the husband to leave the child wife alone and unguarded for a time at a Continental watering place. Through the effects of a bad heredity, handed down from a gambling father and a mother with an elastic French conscience, and the influences of an unfamiliar and malignant environment, and because of her own guilelessness, loneliness and childish craving for diversion, the wife becomes involved at the gaming table and falls into the power of an unscrupulous adventurer, with the result that may be imagined and is definitely stated in the book. The climax of the story is occupied with the husband's long struggle to forgive her degradation and its consequences—"to play at being God" to the woman he still loved, not only with tenderness, but with passionate devotion.

The story is brilliantly and powerfully written. The character contrasts between the fascinating French wife with her pure womanly instincts and inherited moral obliquity and the Anglo-Saxon husband with his vigorous and inflexible morality, his clumsyt inarticulate tenderness are well brought out. The psychological significance of the situation is subtly presented and the dramatic possibilities of its complication are strongly realized. Frank Santy, the author, is really Mrs. Frankau, and her publisher is J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A Little Fountain of Life.

Mrs. Marion Foster Washburne has written a little tale of life in Chicago which indicates that she knows something about college settlements, a great deal about doctors and all about infants in arms and their feeding bottles. It also suggests that there are some regulations governing the relation of physicians and their patients in Chicago, which are very pleasant and informal, but do not coincide with the ideas of conventionality in Eastern cities, where young girl patients do not ride about unattended in the evening with the family physician when the family physician is also young and unmarried.

However, Chicago is a peculiar city, and the case in question is an unusual case, as any one may see by reading the book, which is called "A Little Fountain of Life." The young daughter of a wealthy father is ill of a peculiar and baffling malady which the young and eligible physician cures by interesting the patient in the affairs of a College Settlement and the needy patients he encounters in following his profession. The surprising thing about the story is that in spite of all the unchaperoned drives the doctor and his patient enjoy together the grateful patient weds the other man and the doctor turns over the fee which he receives at her recovery to the poor.

The baby figures largely all through the story. The young girl rescues it from its drunken father, rents a house in the country and places worthy people there to care for it. It is even present at the psychological moment when the other man proposes, and it doesn't cry or disturb the scene, which attests what a remarkable baby it is and how worthy to be perpetuated in literature. The book is published by Rand, McNally & Co.

Evelyn.

"Evelyn: A Story of the West and the Far East," reads like the ravings of a victim suffering from literary delirium tremens brought on by the inordinate and protracted stimulus of women's club papers and morning lectures on the occult. There isn't anything known to the lore of the ancients or hoped for in the invention of moderns that isn't exploited and explained in the story. Fortunately for the bewildered reader who isn't used to mixed potions, there is a foreword which claims that the book is a story of the development of Evelyn's mind and soul under the tutelage of the hero, Allistro, who is proficient in the magic and mysticism of the East. There is also an illuminating phrase in the far end of the book, if any one lives to get there, which helps to clarify things and says: "Once more we will borrow the poet's hippogriff and, borne on his wings, soar joyously." Of course, if one takes up with a mount of that sort—half bird and half beast—queer things are bound to happen.

Evelyn hails from St. Paul, and Allistro doesn't know exactly where he did come from, but he thinks he is a descendant of the ancient Kings of Delhi and wants to be a forerunner of the new "Ultene race," whatever that may be. Evelyn is a hard worked heroine of unknown parentage, who is made to discover and manufacture filial affection for two fathers she has never seen and two mothers she has never known, of course not at the same time. The author makes a bad shot and brings down the wrong pair of parents the first time, so she and Evelyn have to try it all over again on another brace. One of the fathers writes out the story of his life for Evelyn to read, and no sooner has she finished that than Allistro comes on with another history of her other parents written in the form of letters. Then he presents to her thirty-six pages of his own autobiography, which begins with the Parsees and Zoroaster, explains the theory of Brahminism and Buddhism, outlines Disraeli's policy in India, and finishes up in the land of empiricism and beer on the banks of the flowing Rhine, where he sees visions and dreams of the new Ultene race, who will build their cities of gems, have their rivers always flowing with pure water, and be bound together by an invisible chain of passionate love, which will respond with soft melody to every changeful emotion. It is a very unusual and subtle way of making a declaration of love, but Evelyn translates it somehow into an offer of marriage, and she and Allistro are wedded and might have lived happily ever after only that Allistro kills himself with some occult experiment at the end of the first year. He would have finished the story of Evelyn at the same time, only that a sane young physician, who had been in love with her from the beginning, comes to the rescue. Evelyn rallies under the doctor's treatment and rewards him in the good old way at the end of another year, all of which attests what stuff women are made of and how much they can endure—in the bracing climate of the city of St. Paul. The book is written by Mrs. Ansel Oppenheim, and published by the Broadway Publishing Company.

The Tiger of Muscovy.

"The Tiger of Muscovy," by Fred Whishaw (Longmans, Green & Co.), is a tale of love and adventure in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the scene of which is laid in Russia. The Tiger of Muscovy is none other than that Czar named John, or as it was written in the country over which he ruled, Ivan the Tsar—a gentleman of somewhat hasty temper and uncertain manners, known in history as Ivan the Terrible. This Muscovitish Cæsar had sent out to England for a bride to cement the alliance between his kingdom and that of Elizabeth and to add to his score of some six consorts, which he had disposed of in turn as he wearied of their charms. His summary proceedings in matters matrimonial were not so shocking to the English Queen as they would have been had she not seen so much of it in her own family, her royal father having had a similar method with wives, as her own mother could testify, had she not fallen a victim to it. Accordingly, Elizabeth arranged to send a kinswoman of her own to wear the Czarina's diadem—one Lady Mary Hastings, who at the last moment shrank from the great honor thrust upon her of sharing the throne with Ivan in the barbarous land of Muscovy. Whereupon Amy Romalyn, a spirited young maiden, also a kinswoman of the Queen, volunteered to go in her place. The story is occupied with her adventures and with those of the long-shanked loyal knight who accompanied her against her spoken word, but in accordance with her secret wish, to the court of the Czar.

This is a "hero tale" of the modern romantic school, pleasantly told, with plenty of thrilling adventure of a rather novel sort and ending happily in the miraculous escape of the lovers from the claws of the tiger and the usual wedding in the last chapter. Whether or no they lived happily forever after is an open question. The girl who dared browbeat Ivan the Terrible and tell him what she thought of him might not be docile enough to make a peaceful and happy home and to love, honor and obey her own wedded lord and master.

An Admirable Book on Corporations.

Breaking with the "teaching by cases" fetich, blindly worshipped by his fellow professors in the Harvard law school, Prof. Joseph Henry Beale, Jr., has written a thoroughly practical and useful treatise in "The Law of Foreign Corporations and Taxation of Corporations, both Foreign and Domestic" (William J. Nagel, Boston). His heresy goes so far as not only to accept the existence of statute law, which so often interferes with the proper deductions from common law cases, but to make the statutes decisive within the jurisdiction to which they apply.

So great a part of the business of the country is now done by "corporations," the major part of which are engaged in transactions outside of the State in which they are incorporated, that a clear, simple exposition of the law relating to them is of value not only to professional lawyers but to most business men and investors. Though the field be restricted it is very important. Prof. Beale has summarized not only the common law, but the statutes of every State and of the Canadian provinces, and Great Britain as well.

He deals with the formation and powers of corporations; with their action in a foreign State; with suits by and against them, including procedure; with their internal affairs and statutory liability; with their rechartering and dissolution; and more particularly and minutely, with the taxation of corporations. The cases referred to were decided as late as June, 1904; the statutes quoted, which were far more difficult to deal with, are in some States as late as 1904, and in the others they go to the end of 1903. An excellent and helpful work for which many besides lawyers will be grateful.

Daughter of Jael.

Lady Ridley's "Daughter of Jael" is not a pleasant little tale to be picked up for a half hour's diversion. It is melodramatic to the verge of hysteria, liberally splashed with purple color and reeking with chloro-

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